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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

HOW West Virginia has voted is actually not yet known at this writing, (Thursday), but the majority for either party is only a matter of a few hundreds,—perhaps of a few scores. It is one of the good fortunes of the election that the choice of President is decided, and does not,—as the carrying of New York for Cleveland would have made it,—depend on the West Virginia electors.

THE question of vital interest is whether there will be a Republican majority in the House of Representatives. We counted it last week at "from 10 to 15"; the count, now, made with all the care possible, and the best means of information in THE AMERICAN office, is 7, *i. e.* 166 Republicans to 159 Democrats. We do not see where we fail to give the Democrats any member whom the returns report for them. We count Connecticut 3 Republicans, New Jersey 4, Indiana only 3, Illinois 13, Kentucky 2, Missouri 4, Virginia only 2, West Virginia 1, North Carolina 3, Tennessee 3, Louisiana 1, California 5. Unless it be in West Virginia we see no chance for a change of these except by unfair means, employed by the Clerk of the present House, Mr. Clark, who makes up the roll of members who are to join in organizing the next one. It is given out that he counts "a small Democratic majority," but if so he must be going behind the returns,—which is the province of the House, and not of the Clerk. There will be, of course, numerous contested seats, but the 166 Republicans whom we count are certainly elected, unless, as already said, it be the one in West Virginia. And even if this one should be counted on the Democratic side it would still leave 5 Republican majority.

Yet we say frankly that we shall not be astonished if a Democratic majority is counted in. The hand of Mr. Gorman is seen working for this result. It would balk the new Administration, prevent it from securing revenue legislation on Republican lines, and might even keep Dakota out a while longer.

FOLLOWING the Mikado lines, some of the defeated Free Traders have been loudly singing that the Tariff had nothing to do with the case, that nothing was decided by the election, and that the question of "Revenue Reform" is as open as ever. The Mugwumps profess to derive great comfort from the returns from Connecticut, New Jersey, one ward of our city, and some other industrial centres. Suppose that the Republicans did lose the votes of many who have the most direct interest in the maintenance of the Tariff, but who were too ill-informed or too much misled to see where their interest lies, what does that prove? Only this: that the Tariff policy has a majority in its favor even when those who should be its firmest friends fail to do their duty. The Protectionists never have rested their case on the benefits of the Tariff to labor only. They claim that it is an equal benefit to all producers. This year the plan for Tariff reduction in the direction of Free Trade was put cunningly into such a shape as would least alarm the wage-earners. The proposal for free raw materials was accompanied by the plea that this would achieve a great reduction in the cost of what the workingman consumes, without at all reducing his wages. Many of the workingmen were shortsighted enough not to see that the votes of the farmers would be used against them next time. But this insidious appeal, although made to the largest number of voters that the Free Traders could hope to reach, has failed as utterly as though the working classes had been unanimous.

THE Republican majority in the Delaware Legislature, which last week we hardly dared consider certain, is real, and may be depended upon to give a United States Senator of that faith in place of Mr. Saulsbury. The Republicans carry two counties, Kent and Sussex, securing thus a Senator and seven Representatives in each,—sixteen in all. The Democrats have six Senators holding over, (two in each county), and elect the one Senator and seven Representatives in New Castle county, giving them fourteen in all.

It was rumored on Saturday that a plan was hatching to defeat this popular result. It was alleged that the seat of the Republican Senator chosen from Kent would be contested, on technical and frivolous grounds, and his Democratic opponent would be admitted. This would leave the Legislature,—probably,—a dead-lock, 15 to 15, and after its adjournment, the Governor would appoint a Democrat. It was an ingenious plan, and we are not certain it may not be attempted. At present, however, the advices are that it has been laid aside.

If any such scheme should be developed, the proper counter stroke would be for the House to vacate the seats of the seven Representatives returned from New Castle county. They are not elected in any true sense of the word. They are simply the outcome of the infamous system of disfranchisement under which the people of Delaware have been governed for fifteen years, and which has been applied in New Castle county, in the present year, with a brutality and insolence that cannot be patiently characterized. Our readers will perhaps recall some comments in these columns of THE AMERICAN, in February last, upon the action of the assessors who were sitting at the City Hall, in Wilmington, nominally for the purpose of assessing citizens who came forward for the purpose, but really with the determination to add no names to the list if they could avoid it. The circumstances of that scene in the City Hall are memorable: they constituted an outrage upon the rights of American citizenship which should not be condoned, but punished: and they should be presented in all their detail to the view of the whole country. It should be made plain that there has been a systematic conspiracy of officials controlling the qualifications of voters to corrupt the electoral lists, and so defeat the popular will. So far as right, justice, and fundamental law are concerned, the pretended election of the members of the Legislature in New Castle county is a mere farce, entitled to no respect whatever.

AMONG the humors of the campaign, in connection with the Delaware result, is the story that it all came from the genius—the wonderful management—of Mr. Quay. A New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* relates that "Mr. Quay himself suggested to me that I keep my eye on Delaware," and draws from this notable suggestion the deepest conclusions. As a matter of fact,—and we speak from full knowledge,—the Delaware campaign was carried on without any aid from the National Committee or its Chairman, every appeal in that direction being refused, and in such a manner as the leaders of the Delaware Republicans are not likely to immediately forget. They won their fight by their own hard work, in spite of Col. Quay's refusal to help.

THE official figures in Pennsylvania give General Harrison 79,779 plurality. This is very close to the great plurality of Mr. Blaine in 1884, (81,019), and it would have exceeded that by many thousands except for the weakness shown in Philadelphia. This city gave Mr. Blaine 30,000 plurality: it gives General Harrison 18,402. In all directions throughout the State there are Republi-

can gains. Of the 66 counties outside of Philadelphia, 50 show a gain from 1884, and only 16 show losses. Of these sixteen, eleven are Democratic counties which increase their majority, (most of them only slightly), and five are Republican, which fall off. The general drift is toward the Protectionist side. Washington county, deeply interested in wool-growing, increases its Republican majority from 850 to 1,953, and Fayette and Northumberland counties, engaged in mining and iron making, change from the Democratic column to the Republican.

The loss in Philadelphia is chiefly to be ascribed to local dissensions and trading of votes, but the influence of Mr. Singerly's *Record* among the working people told for something, no doubt, and the intense if not pernicious activity of the Administration's officials brought their men to the polls in better array than in 1884. The total vote of the city for Mr. Blaine was 101,402, while for General Harrison it is 111,461. Mr. Cleveland, however, increases more than this: in 1884 he had 71,288; now he has 93,059. The vote for St. John in Philadelphia was 1,279, while General Fisk receives 1,227,—a rate of growth which hardly indicates an immediate triumph of the political Prohibitionists, in this neighborhood.

AMONG the many interesting explanations of their defeat offered by the Democracy is one that Mr. Cleveland was defeated because he was too good. If he only had worked the office-holding machine as it might have been done, and allowed officials to be assessed for money, Mr. Harrison would not have had a chance. We sincerely hope that no future election will witness such a use of official influence and political assessments as this has done. Mr. Cleveland sent \$10,000 to the campaign fund of his party. Did any President ever before do such a thing as that? Members of the Cabinet went upon the stump, and actively canvassed for their chief's reelection. Money was squeezed from the office-holders relentlessly. The post-office service was so demoralized that in many places it could not be trusted with Republican documents or letters relating to the campaign. If all this and what accompanied it fell short of the Democratic needs, what degree of "pernicious activity" would have supplied them?

THERE is some talk, on both sides of Mason and Dixon's Line, as to the attitude which the new Administration will assume toward the South. Some of the Southern papers, which have been up to their elbows in the dirty business of representing Gen. Harrison as a relentless hater of their section and its people, are now obliged to say that they hope, after all, he may be better than they have been saying. On our side, the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* has an article which is being copied widely in the South intimating that no severe measures will be taken, but that the suffrage question will be left to work itself out in other States as it appears to be doing in Virginia. From one quarter,—in Georgia, perhaps,—comes a suggestion to call a Southern Convention, organize a new party, and make such terms with the Republicans as will prevent the overthrow of "white government" in their States. Of course, the Republican party could give the Southern States no security against the rule of the majority in that section, any more than in any other, but they are ready to give them every sort of help to lift that majority out of its ignorance and unfitness to exercise the functions of government. That is the meaning of the Blair bill, and any Southerner who has the sense to foresee that the suppression of the freedmen's vote cannot be permanent, should turn to and work for its passage.

UNQUESTIONABLY, the solid South is greatly weakened by this election. It is evident that both the Virginias are coming into the Republican line, and Maryland, like Kentucky and Missouri, is really shaken. If the Democratic expectation of reelecting Mr. Cleveland had been less sanguine, and the necessity of bringing up the solid 153 votes to the support of New York City had been less exacting, there would have been still more Republican gains in other States.

Under a good and clean Administration, with honest appointments in the South, such as Mr. Harrison will make, there will be less of the talk of "standing together in favor of white supremacy." He will do his duty, of course, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," and he will be found—using the *Commercial-Gazette's* words,—as conservative and kindly as Lincoln himself. "He is a patriot and statesman, a soldier and a gentleman, a man of irreproachable honor, and of tried and true courage." These qualities will appeal to the masses of the people of the South, but not, of course, to the Democratic organization as such. That party has served Sectionalism slavishly, and the average Bourbon knows it. What could it do for him that it has not done? It did not dare to nominate a Southern man for the Presidency, but it gave the South the hardly less important place of Speaker of the House, and allowed him to construct its committees so as to smother any bill which was not in harmony with the wishes of his friends. Through Mr. Carlisle the South secured a working majority on the Committee of Ways and Means, and the six Southern members of that committee drew a bill for the prostration of Northern industries, with careful reservation in favor of the sugar and rice of the South, which was at once elevated into a test of party loyalty. This Southern policy was made the excuse for driving Mr. Randall and other trusted leaders of the party from their places of honor and influence in its councils, and for refusing reelection to every Northern Democrat who voted against the bill. What could the Bourbons ask that they did not get?

THE one hope of the political Prohibitionists was to inflict a second defeat of the Republican party, and thus force it to adopt their plan of dealing with the evils of the liquor traffic as a part of its national policy. The success of the Republicans is a sore blow to the Third party. It shares in the defeat of the Democrats, for even its leaders know that they have not the smallest hope of getting that party out of its alliance with the liquor interest. And with the great probability that the Republican party has come back to stay, the chances of a national success for the Prohibitionists vanish into the dim distance. The party takes its place beside the Greenbackers and other defunct organizations, which also ran about for several elections after their brains had been knocked out, but gave up the ghost at last. So we may expect to see a Prohibitionist ticket in the field for one or two more elections.

One of the things which must discredit the Third party people is the practical result of their recent campaign. They saw that New York and New Jersey were strategic points of importance, so they concentrated their force on those States. They took their presidential candidate from New Jersey, and from the religious denomination which has the most *esprit de corps* in election times, and is strong at both ends of that State. They changed the place for the annual convention of their chief auxiliary from a Western city to New York, with the express purpose of influencing votes against Warner Miller, a Methodist and a Prohibitionist, but a Republican. They used their gathering of men and women speakers to stir up the church people to vote for their ticket, distributing "flyers" in the churches and at their doors on Sunday, wherever they were allowed the privilege of addressing a congregation. And with what result? To place in the governor's chair of New York one of the worst allies of the liquor traffic who ever disgraced that office by his subservience to some of the worst men and influences of his State. To defeat the Republicans in New Jersey and enable the liquor men to dictate the repeal of the Local Option and High License law by the Democratic majority before they will agree to proceed to the election of a United States Senator. These are the outcome of a purpose to secure the interest of Temperance outside of existing parties, and we hope the friends of Temperance in those two States like them!

It is only at brief intervals that the supreme interest of the English people in English affairs gives way to some concern as to what is happening in this country. There are reasons for this besides the national self-conceit. One is that America is much too big for a foreigner to take in adequately. Those of our visitors who fancy themselves posted about the country, only need to publish their impressions to be shown that they have been mistaking the ideas and temper of some few local cliques for the public opinion of the nation. Another is the complexity of our politics. An American in England learns all there is to be known in about six weeks at the farthest. An Englishman in America may spend as many months in close study of our conditions, and go home nearly as ill informed as he came.

This explains the readiness of our English cousins to believe anything about the United States which is told them with a sufficient amount of emphasis, especially if it fit into their own wishes. Their interest in our presidential election of this year was a good deal more lively than any they have shown since we settled the Alabama Claims,—far more so than the interest they have taken in the disputes with Canada over the Fisheries. They actually wanted Mr. Cleveland reflected with as much energy as most of them wanted the South to succeed in its war upon the Union, and for much the same reason. They thought it would promote the interests of Free Trade.

But from first to last they were at the mercy of less than half a dozen of New York newsmongers, who were of the Mugwump complexion in their politics, and who saw all things through the distorted medium preferred by these geniuses. Misled by the assurances that Mr. Harrison was quite an impossible candidate, and that at best he was only a mask for Mr. Blaine, they took a tone which was irritating and even insulting to what now proves the effective majority of the American people. They berated the party which fought the war for the Union, established specie payments, and stood by the public obligations to the nation's creditors, as though it were made up of the population of the slums of New York and the offscourings of the nation. As a consequence, England has fewer friends in this country than at any time for the last fifteen years.

Dependence upon the Mugwumps for information as to American politics may cost Mr. John Bull very dear. But he has only himself to blame, as there is no corner of the earth which he takes so little pains to have reported by intelligent and impartial correspondents as the most powerful and wealthy nation of the world, and the one which can inflict the most serious injuries upon his interests.

REFERRING to Colonel W. W. Dudley, of Indiana, and the circular letter which he was charged with sending to persons in that State, the *New York Evening Post* says he was "the special friend and personal representative upon that [the National Republican] Committee of General Harrison, who desired his election as Chairman of it." This is about as near the truth as the *Evening Post* habitually gets, when it deals with political matters, and the statement is not correct. General Harrison urged no one for Chairman of the Committee, and refrained from expressing any desire on the subject. Under all the circumstances, regarding the Republican organization in Indiana as able to make the best possible fight in that State, and knowing that the great contest in the East must be waged in and about the city of New York, he left it to the Committee entirely, with such advice of Eastern men as it might seek, to select its Chairman. What the case against Colonel Dudley may amount to we do not know, but the desire of the *Evening Post* to strike through him at General Harrison is empty of everything but malignity.

At the last minute almost Prof. Bowen, of Harvard, now in his seventy-seventh year, yielded to the atmosphere of the place and turned his back upon a consistent record of thirty-five years to declare for Mr. Cleveland and the Mills bill. Dr. Bowen always

has been unsound in the matter of free raw materials, and this feature in the Democratic programme seems to have broken his attachment to the protective policy. But he certainly would find it very hard to reconcile the measures of the party now in power with the principles he for years taught his classes, before the advent of President Eliot brought about the conversion of Harvard to the Free Trade theory. The *New York Evening Post* referring to this subject, says:

Prof. Bowen is the sole representative, among American college professors and ex-professors, of the doctrine of protection—one of the very few who have any toleration for it. His work, entitled 'American Political Economy,' does favor protection of the kind advocated by Henry Clay half a century ago, this being, as has been repeatedly shown in this campaign, a very different thing from that advocated by the Republican party to-day."

This is about as near to the truth as this veracious newspaper ever gets. Its putting the word American into italics is a slur at the professor who teaches Political Economy in the University of Pennsylvania, who is at least as good an American as the editor of the *Post*. Both were born in Ireland, but only the professor was educated in America, learning Political Economy from the mouth of a native of Maine and from a text-book written by a native of Pennsylvania. And in the University of Pennsylvania there are three professors who teach Protectionist doctrines,—the only Political Economy that the majority of college students now can be got to believe in,—and two of the three are natives of the Mississippi Valley. And in Lehigh, Gettysburg, Annapolis, Crawfordsville, and others of the comparatively small number of the colleges which profess to teach the subject, there are Protectionists in the professorial chairs.

That Prof. Bowen stands for the protectionist idea of the old Whigs and of Mr. Clay, is quite untrue. The Tariff of 1828 is the fairest expression of what they wished to accomplish, and it collected heavier duties upon imports and included more raw materials in its scope than does the Tariff of 1883. Then as now the duties on wool and woollens was the fighting question, and the Whigs protected both. What Mr. Clay agreed to under the political pressure of 1832 and 1835, is quite beside the question.

THE vice of betting on the elections has evidently grown to such proportions that the necessity of arresting it will command attention. Enormous sums are reported as won and lost, with the names of the persons concerned freely set forth, and on Tuesday, in New York City, a business man shot himself because he had lost more on the result than he could afford to do. The publicity of betting is perhaps as bad as the thing itself. The harm is done to those who bet by way of brag, and as "backing their party," and who thus tend to acquire a taste for such risks, which may lead them into still worse practices. If betting could be driven to secrecy, one-half its attractions would disappear. And this would result from the enforcement of such laws as we have in this State, which provide that money bet on elections may be claimed by the guardians or directors of the poor, and employed for the maintenance of our almshouses. Suit can be brought at any time within two years after the election against the winning party. We observe that the Directors of the Poor in Reading announce their purpose to sue for all moneys staked on the recent election. If they failed to do so, the law would hold them guilty of a misdemeanor, and they might be fined double the amount. This is an excellent beginning, and should be followed in other counties.

THE excitement in Manitoba continues, and the high-handed action of the Canadian Pacific Railroad in refusing to allow the Red River Railroad to cross its tracks threatens to become the source of serious disturbance, unless the Dominion government come to the aid of the province. As yet it seems more inclined to take the opposite course, and its hostility to provincial interests has led to a demand that the province be cut loose from the Dominion and erected into a crown colony. The claim of the Canadian Pacific is that its owns its track absolutely and cannot

be obliged by any power below the Dominion itself to permit a crossing. But its ownership is not more absolute than that of private persons, who would have to make way for a railroad chartered by competent authority, however much they might dislike it. Nor can it be contended that the Province possesses no rights of eminent domain over lands within its own boundary. The provinces of the Dominion are much more sovereign in such matters than are the States of the American Union; yet no railroad chartered by the American government would think of denying the eminent domain of any State through which it might have to pass. What makes the present contest more irritating to the Manitobans, is that this question came up in the Dominion Parliament at the last session, and a compromise was reached which was supposed to have disposed of the question. To this compromise the Canadian Pacific agreed. It repealed the monopoly clause in its charter, which was supposed to have given it the right to resist the construction of the Red River railroad. The debates upon the motion to repeal leave no doubt as to the purpose of that action, but the Canadian Pacific falls back upon legal technicalities and continues its resistance.

THE announcement of a renewal of the Railroad war, which was supposed to have been brought to its end by the compact between the great trunk lines, and especially between Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Garrett, and the Pennsylvania Railroad, has tended seriously to weaken the stock market. A minor blow has been inflicted by the decision of the Supreme Court reversing the decision of the Massachusetts District Court in the matter of the right of the United States to bring suit against the Bell Telephone Company. It is true that nothing but preliminary questions were covered by the decision now reversed, and that the case goes back to the District Court with instructions to have a trial. But the friends of the Company showed an anxiety to hold fast to those preliminary advantages which is not indicative of a strong confidence in their own case. And the fact that their stock went down fourteen points as soon as the decision was known, is also indicative that the holders of that stock are anxious about the result of the trial. The upper Court decides that the government has the right to proceed in its own courts to have a patent declared void on the ground that it was improperly granted, and it overrules all the objections made as to want of jurisdiction. Certainly this is a power which Government should be able to exercise in order to correct the mistakes made by its own officials, when those mistakes lay a heavy and unjust burden on the shoulders of the whole community. If the whole country is injured is that not a greater right to relief than the injury of one person?

THE relations of the French Republic to the Papacy certainly constitute the most curious anomaly in the public affairs of the world. At home the Church is treated like a dangerous rival of the civil power, and the religious orders are driven out of France, or at least forbidden to take any part in the education of the people,—a prohibition constantly evaded, however, with the connivance of the authorities. On the other hand, the Church has gained great freedom of movement by the recognition of the liberty of voluntary association and the right of holding public meeting, and has entered upon a course of social agitation such as was not possible under any previous government of France. And the Concordat of 1801 is maintained because of the substantial advantages it secures to both sides of that contract. It surrenders to the Papacy the dearly cherished rights of the Gallican Church, and it vests in the civil power a right of interference in ecclesiastical affairs such as the *Grande Monarque* would have envied. So France continues to pay the salaries of priests and bishops, as also of Protestant pastors and Jewish rabbis, out of the national Treasury, and to hold down the clergy to the letter of their contract, and to check their interference with political affairs. And abroad the curious alliance of French diplomacy with Roman Catholic missions continues, with the partial exception estab-

lished in China, where Li-Hung-Chang has made a kind of concordat with the Papacy in order to be rid of French interference. Atheists at home, the rulers of modern France are zealous for Catholicism abroad.

LORD SALISBURY did not much mend matters when in his speech at the Guildhall dinner he repaid Mr. Bayard's rather irritating language by a sneer at Mr. Cleveland. Lord Sackville might have been sent about his business in smoother terms than the Secretary of State thought fit to employ. But there is not a word in Mr. Bayard's paper which was not richly deserved. Englishmen will not see this because they choose to regard Lord Sackville's offense as electioneering for Mr. Cleveland's election. It was altogether different. It was his statement, made in the Murchison letter and repeated in the *Tribune* interview, that Mr. Cleveland was not sincere in his Retaliation policy. Whether that was true or false, it was not the business of the British Minister to say it to an American citizen, and still more offensive was its reiteration for publication after his private letter had been given to the world. If there had been nothing but the letter, there might have been some escape for the administration from resenting it, but the interview, as Mr. Phelps told Lord Salisbury, put a much worse face upon the matter. That was no "Republican trap," or it was one into which Lord Sackville walked with his eyes open. After that no American administration could have retained his lordship in diplomatic communication; and if the American people have decided that they do not want four years more of Mr. Cleveland, they would have been still more unanimous if he had shown himself so mean-spirited as not to resent that kind of an insult. The simple fact is that Lord Sackville presumed too far upon that spirit of deference to him which he had found so abundant in the Department of State. Under the tonic air of the Presidential election, the American spirit rose even there. It is a dangerous time in October, quadrennially, to tease the American bird.

THE MEANING OF THE CHANGE.

THE change of administration which the people have ordered and which in a few weeks will take effect, amounts to a revolution of American policy. No one need be deceived as to this. The election signifies much. So wide is the difference between many measures which Mr. Cleveland proposed to the country and those which are now confided to General Harrison's direction that they lie as wide apart as the poles.

First and most prominent is the treatment of the finances. It is agreed that the revenues are excessive. But how shall they be diminished? Mr. Cleveland's plan was to reduce Tariff rates and open our markets to our foreign competitors. England and Belgium lay expectantly ready to come in upon us, when his reelection should be announced. The plan which General Harrison will urge is precisely opposed to this. It will preserve every protective feature of the Tariff, will reduce domestic taxes, and will keep the home market intact. With reference to the surplus already in the Treasury, the Democratic policy, as soon as Mr. Manning came into the Treasury, was to increase its bulk, and afterward to "nurse" it as an excuse for Mr. Cleveland's Free Trade message. It will be the policy of Mr. Harrison's Administration, as outlined in his Indianapolis addresses, to reduce the hoard, and to retain no unneeded balance in the Treasury.

The general policy of the Administration now dismissed has been one of surrender to foreign interests. In the Customs laws lay one feature of this, and in the procedure of the Department of State another. The two parts fitted together and formed a policy unpatriotic in its nature, and sure to be disastrous in its results. General Harrison will reverse this. His Secretary of State will represent the interests of the United States, and civilly but forcibly will make it understood everywhere that there is not yet any American carcass ready for foreign birds of prey.

In the Civil Service, a reform was in part established when

Mr. Cleveland took office. So far as the reform had progressed it had been distinctly and entirely under Republican Presidents. Mr. Cleveland's work has been to demoralize and discourage the service, to revive the Spoils appetite in both parties, to circumvent and defeat the requirement of existing law, and to put the work back nearly where it was when Mr. Jenckes took it up, twenty years ago. It will be the duty of General Harrison to arrest the course of this demoralization, to pick up the broken threads of a good undertaking, and to bring the public service again into its just relation with the public interests.

It has been the policy of the Democratic party to keep out of the Union States which were anxious to come into it, because their people dissented from its partisan objects. It will be among the honors of General Harrison's Administration to help redress this scandalous wrong, and to bring into the Union not only Dakota and Lincoln, Montana and Washington, but other Territories as well, if their qualifications of population and respect for the law shall justify it. We have had a policy of proscription and exclusion: that is to be replaced, now, by one of generous recognition and just admission. The Union has been checked and held down to serve party purposes: it is now to grow and expand for the purposes that lie in its structure.

It has been the policy of the beaten party to preserve the sectional feeling, and maintain the sectional power, of the South. The old plans of the Calhoun school have been revived. The fiscal measure of Mr. Mills follows the Confederate Constitution, and its support in this election has come almost wholly from the States which were in the Confederacy or on its border. To preserve this sectional solidity there has been a systematic opposition to whatever might interfere with it. The Blair bill has been put under foot, mainly because it would promote the efficiency of Southern public schools. Under President Harrison, there will be a reversal of these influences. Whatever he may find it practicable to do will be done in behalf of national unity,—of a common interest and common feeling for all sections. It is the happy issue of this election that it bruises again the head of the serpent of Sectionalism, and affirms again the principle of Nationality. We shall have, instead of the doctrine of Calhoun those of Washington and Hamilton and Clay. We shall have instead of a policy which employs a "solid" section to threaten the industrial life of the nation, the nobler and more patriotic policy of spreading everywhere under the American flag the blessings of a prosperous industry. And we shall have in the Executive chair, instead of the beneficiary of a suppressed suffrage, one who honestly believes in a free ballot and an honest count.

These are wide differences. They signify great changes. Mr. Cleveland will take with him when he leaves the White House a general policy, with all its ramifications of detail, for which General Harrison has no use whatever. So far as measures are concerned there will be substantially "a clean sweep."

CAUSES OF THE CHANGE.

THE expulsion of Mr. Cleveland and the return to Republican administration is due to several powerful influences. Chief among them, unquestionably, is the preference for the system of Protection. Yet it is not certain that the same result would not have occurred if the message of December had been, like its predecessors, only a mild argument in the Free Trade direction. The Democratic party gained in energy, in consistency, and in command of campaign funds, by abandoning its attempt to satisfy both Mr. Mills and Mr. Randall, and while it lost votes among the more intelligent class of working-people, it had not a large percentage of these to lose. The American mechanic and artisan of the Northern States is not as a rule a member of the Democratic organization. He was convinced, long before this, that its views concerning labor and nationality suited the conditions of slavery but not the circumstances of a free industrial people, and he did not need to wait for the great argument of 1888 on the sub-

ject. If any one doubts this, let him observe for himself the temper of the skilled work-people,—those who pursue an avocation which requires a time of apprenticeship. And further let him note that the activity and energy of this class in behalf of the Republican candidates was never before so great. They saw and understood the question at issue, even if the laboring—the non-apprenticed—class did not, and they threw themselves into the struggle with magnificent force.

Mr. Cleveland's defeat was probable in any event: his message, and his general commitment to Free Trade, simply made it certain. He was elected by a scratch; he came to the White House as the representative of a chapter of accidents; he was never accepted by the American people. The abnormal power of the suppressed suffrage States, the bolt of the Mugwumps, the souring of the New York Stalwarts, the accident of the Prohibition movement,—all these happened to focus when Mr. Cleveland was the candidate of an undeserving Opposition. The Republican party of 1884 had greater essential strength than that of 1876. There was more reason in 1876 than eight years later to fear that it was vitally decayed and weakened. Whatever came, therefore, to the Democratic party in 1884, as the result of the chance thousand majority in New York, was a mere wind-fall, a piece of accidental and exceptional fortune, and the likelihood was the majority of the people would assert themselves in 1888 exactly as they had done in 1880.

But, as we have said, the commitment to Free Trade settled it. The Convention at Chicago entertained no doubt as to its course. Language could not be more emphatic than that in which it welcomed the challenge. "We accept the issue, and confidently appeal to the people for their judgment," are the words of the platform, and this confidence was real, not assumed. It was felt at Chicago that it was impossible that the people of the United States could vote to degrade their own powers and to make themselves mere dependents upon foreign production.

Chief, therefore, of the forces against Mr. Cleveland was the national feeling of the people. The Tariff is one means of representing that,—the typical and at present vital one. But his accidental incumbency was fatally weakened in other ways. His betrayal of the Civil Service alienated men like Mr. Lea, who had not cloaked Free Trade under the picture of reform, and from the day the Chicago Convention made a choice thousands of other votes which he received in 1884 were certain to be cast against him. His policy in the Department of State lost him support in many directions, and the course which won him the acclaim of England cost him tens of thousands of votes of Irish Americans.

It was a question, then, simply, whether the overwhelming condemnation of the North, passed upon Mr. Cleveland over and over, and certainly never doubted by any intelligent observer of American affairs, would be overborne by a fresh combination of abnormal and fortuitous conditions. These might again have defeated the American purpose: we confess with regret that they did not fail by so great a margin as they deserved. The majority in the State of New York for General Harrison ought to have been three times as great, and Connecticut ought not to have fallen short. Yet the long roll of the Northern States is nearly complete. Every one is there but Connecticut and New Jersey.

Of course it is absurd to say that in this great, this magnificent, expression of the American purpose, any one man here or there, by special dexterity or extraordinary shrewdness, created the Republican victory. There were tens of thousands of individual heroes, all giving impetus and force to the moving column. At the critical places in the line, in New York and Indiana, there were special efforts made, fresh forces organized, that decided the contest there, and so made the general result what it is. These joined the great column at the right moment and gave it strength at the precise place of need. But they came to it, as has been said, not through any man's adroitness, but because they were natural and sympathetic supporters of the party which upholds

this nation's interests and will not surrender them to foreign control.

It is, we say, the manifestation of the power and purpose of the American people. It reaffirms what Lincoln and Grant won. It stamps upon Sectionalism. It spurns the position of dependency. It declares anew what Jefferson wrote, and Washington and Hamilton, and Marshall made secure. It is the evidence of a popular sense and insight into the situation of this country, and of a wise comprehension of its true policy. It will stand in American history, a landmark as definite as those of 1860 and 1864,—a monument set up to the good judgment, and patriotic sense of the American people.

SOME CURIOUS IDIOMS.

WHAT is the secret of man's deep-rooted antipathy to calling things by their proper names, and why does he search far and wide for a purely suggestive expression when he has the exact word at his door? Like the eighteenth century poets, to whom the moon was always "Cynthia's silver crescent," and an apple "the fragrant treasure of Pomona," he avoids when he can mere correctness of phraseology, under the impression, it would seem, that there is something brutal in its straightforwardness. Who, for instance, is coarse enough to say, "If Mr. Smith dies, his daughter will be alone in the world?" That is what we mean, but we have the grace to put it more delicately, "If anything happens to Mr. Smith, his daughter will be alone in the world." Now there are many things that could happen to Mr. Smith besides dying. He might marry again, or inherit a fortune, or go to Europe, or break his leg. There are at least a thousand possibilities connected with his life, and yet, by some unwritten law of euphemism, it is understood that the anything in this case means simply death. I have known parents who deemed it proper to keep the word death out of their children's vocabulary, and who went to great and fruitless labor in this respect; but surely adults are too well acquainted with the thing itself to mind calling it by name. Mr. Smith will not die any sooner because we speak intelligently of his demise, and he will not live any longer because of our friendly circumlocution. We cannot soften a hard truth by any vagueness of language, though there is a pathos about the ever-repeated effort. In one of Thackeray's recently published letters he tells us that his aunt has written to him of her daughter's illness, and that she fears "if anything happens" to Charlotte she will never survive the bereavement. The poor mother must have known well enough in this case what it was she feared, but could not find the heart to put it into words.

Another curious example of our unwillingness to use a correct idiom is the universal substitution of "colored man" for negro. Yet negro is not a term of reproach any more than Indian, or Malay, or Caucasian. It is the proper appellation of the race, and the dropping of the capital is merely the result of habit and common usage. We no longer call our Indians red men, and are no longer called by them pale faces. There is a flavor of Cooper's novels about these antiquated titles, which sound like discarded baby-talk to our ears. Yet they at least possess the merit of accuracy. The Indian has a reddish skin, and we are, by comparison, pale. But colored is an unspecified term. The negro might under that designation be blue, yellow, pink, or green; anything in short, except black, which our school philosophies tell us means simply an absence of all color. The use of the word in this sense is awkward and incorrect, and arises apparently from an absurd indisposition on the part of a whole people to accept its generic title, and from a natural reluctance on the part of a democratic nation to offend a large body of its citizens. When we read in one column of our daily paper speculations concerning "the colored vote," and in another the modest advertisement of "a young colored lady who wishes to take in washing," we feel that we have reached the very acme of unreality. It is possible that education may do something towards softening this purely irrational prejudice, but education is a remedy which takes a long time to work. I have known a fairly intelligent negro woman who indignantly left her church because the ill-advised young clergyman, enlarging upon the text "Can the Ethiop change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil—had the temerity in an unguarded moment to speak familiarly of the Ethiop as a negro. The woman did not object to the text itself, nor to its application; but solely and entirely to the obnoxious word negro. Ethiop she could stomach, but negro never! The preacher should have said "Can the colored person change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" if he really desired to popularize the Scriptures.

As for the word lady, constant misapplication has well nigh routed it from the field. We see it now and then in old-fashioned

writers and hear it now and then from old-fashioned talkers who still retain the expressions of their youth; but its days are visibly numbered. Yet there was a time when wives and women were both excluded from polite society, and mothers and fathers were in no better favor; when, in fact, all human relationship appears to have been handled with gloves. The newly wedded bride in one of Miss Ferrier's novels objects strenuously to being spoken of as a wife, because the term might with equal justice and propriety be applied to a market woman. "I did not see our other relative, Bishop Tusher's lady, of whom so much is said in my papa's memoirs, although my mamma went to visit her in the country,"—writes Rachel Esmond, avoiding all three objectionable titles with a discrimination that does credit to her training. Even at the present day an impression prevails among the lower classes that plain words scarcely befit the station of a gentleman, and Jean Ingelow has described for us the confusion of a bashful young curate on being deferentially referred to his "ma." "If you was to ask your ma, she would tell you that poor folks can no ways afford to cocker themselves up as ladies do," said the buxom village dame, convinced that she was using a civil and becoming mode of speech. "Common people had mothers, and were grateful for them; but the delicate-handed woman who had brought him up was worthy of a finer name, so she gave it, as she thought, and politely called her 'your ma.'"

It is amusing, however, to see with what alacrity the classes who have adopted the word lady acquiesce in its dismissal from other quarters. The servant maid at a summer hotel who speaks of herself and her companions as ladies, calls the boarders whose rooms the cleans plain women. "There is a woman in No. 24 wants some washing done. Do you know of any lady who can do it for her?" is the remark once overheard in a Bar Harbor corridor; while the deep-rooted prejudice against the word servant is so unconquerable and bitter that wise housekeepers have tacitly agreed to drop the term for the sake of retaining the article. Yet it is hard to understand what particular disgrace attaches itself to a name which is necessarily used in every grade of life. Public officials are spoken of as the servants of their country; salaried clerks as the servants of a corporation; Christians as the servants of God. The word is by no means confined to domestic service; it is useful, honorable, and unhappily essential, having no proper synonym to replace it. Some prudent people indeed get over the difficulty by speaking vaguely of their maids, an old Cornish term which is graceful and pleasing, but not very accurate—at least not in this country, where a maid is properly a personal attendant. The expression in common use is unpardonably ugly and vulgar. To call the women who serve us "girls" is to rob them of the dignity of their womanhood; and when, by way of being explicit, they describe themselves as "living-out girls," we cannot but feel that they have gone to the maximum of trouble to produce the minimum of result. That an intelligent, capable, self-respecting woman should want to be called a living-out girl is as inexplicable as that an intelligent, capable, and self-respecting negro should aspire to be known as a colored person. Yet I have heard a Catholic priest address himself from the pulpit to the "living-out girls of the congregation," and have been half amused, half touched by his adroitness in using this absurd phraseology rather than offend these hard working members of his flock.

It is claimed, I believe, that the devil owes his countless synonyms to the polite credulity of the superstitious ages. People were reluctant to speak of him in plain terms, lest he should be lurking within ear-shot, and, out of deference to his supposed sensibility, they invented titles more or less flattering to his self-love. It is in precisely the same conservative spirit that the East Indian decorously alludes to the tiger as his grandfather, lest the lordly beast should overhear and resent the sound of his own name; and that the Irish peasant calls the fairies the good people, not that he credits them with any superfluous virtue, but that he is anxious to deprecate their malice. Perhaps there is also some shadowy apprehension, or at least the ghost of some departed apprehension, in the curious formality with which we speak of the dead. What reader of Miss Austen can forget "thick-headed, unfeeling, unprofitable Dick Musgrove," who is translated into "poor dear Richard," from the very moment that he has the rare consideration to die? "As Tom Eliot used to say"—means merely that Tom Eliot is absent. "As poor Tom Eliot used to say"—means always that he is in his grave; and, if we are disposed to doubt the force of habit, let us just try to mention a deceased acquaintance without the customary prefix, and see how difficult it is. "The science of language," says Max Müller, "makes us look not at but through words." If we looked through those we use every day, from a critical rather than from a scientific standpoint, what diverting flashes we should catch of the conflicting human emotions which have called them into play, and have sanctioned their usurped prerogatives.

AGNES REPPLIER.

AN INTERESTING COLLECTION FROM THIBET.

NORTH-EASTERN THIBET is one of the few countries that still await the explorer. Perhaps this does not fully convey the idea, as foreigners are rigorously excluded, so that all we know of the country has been gained by stealth by employing *pundits*, or Hindoos of education who are instructed in taking observations on thermometers, barometers, etc., and sent disguised as merchants through the Lama's territory. Several of these have done good work in unraveling the geography of parts of the grandest and most complex mountain system in the world.

To Mr. W. W. Rockhill great credit is due in giving to the world some light on this hitherto obscure region. This well-known and learned traveler is of a Baltimore family. He was educated in France and early traveled in many eastern countries. In 1884 he was appointed Secretary of the American Legation in Peking and since that time has journeyed in the almost unknown country north and west of the Great Wall. The Lamaist temple at Peking having attracted his attention to the customs and religion of Thibet—the latter a kind of Buddhism—he learned the Thibetan language and though it is impossible to get into that country, owing to the close guard kept by the Chinese, he has collected quite a number of very fine and extremely rare objects, relating principally to the religious worship of the Lamas.

On his return to this country several weeks ago he presented these to the National Museum, where they have just been put on exhibition.

The Thibeto-Mongolians are cunning jewelers and carvers, and their religious service is brightened by objects of *vertu* from an artistic point of view.

Notable is a libation bowl made of the dome of a human skull. This rests on the heads of three demons, that are placed in the corners of a triangular fretwork base of gold. The lid is also of gold and its surface is covered with raised arabesques. The edge of this elegant work is set with blue and red jewels. Libations are poured in the skull and auguries are drawn by the way the fluid acts with regard to the sutures and sinuses. If it stays in one place the augury is good; if it spreads, note is taken of the extent and direction, etc., and a meaning interpreted. Portions of the human skeleton are supposed to be very efficacious in Lamaist services. There is a flute made of a thigh bone, around one end of which is wrapped a piece of skin and to which hangs a plaited whip. This is used in exorcising demons in ceremonies. They are brought into submission by the sound of the flute and lashed with the thong. A small hand drum in the shape of an hour-glass is also made of parts of two skulls. It is beaten by shaking two buttons suspended by cords against the drum heads.

The Chinese rosary consists of eighteen beads. In one of these each bead is finely carved in ivory. The Lamaist rosary contains 108 beads. The one brought by Mr. Rockhill is a most interesting object, each bead being a disk cut from a skull. He was told that each one came from a different head. A hand prayer wheel is finely made of *repoussé* copper with raised characters in silver, and jewels at intervals around it. It is a hollow drum revolving on a wire at the end of a handle. It is swung around by a weight on a short chain. In the drum is a close coiled paper with the formula "*Om-mani-padme-hum*" repeated thousands of times. It must be turned from left to right; it would be sacrilegious to turn it the other way. There is also a table prayer wheel turned by hand. In Thibet wind, water, and hired labor is employed to turn prayer wheels. The collector observed one in a Chinese Buddhist temple, large enough to contain all the Buddhist books. It was about eighteen feet in diameter and required two men to start it—they going into a cellar for that purpose. There is a pretty little silver charm box like a shrine, containing all kinds of charms, and it is worn around the neck as a protection. A curious fact about the four-armed Buddhist idols is that they must be clothed, and these in this collection have their little robes of yellow silk. Other things used in religious rites must be dressed, so the graceful water sprinkler has its gowns on, hiding its fine chased work. The idols are of brass gilt and are profusely jeweled. They are hollow and are said to be always filled with precious stones.

There are a number of Mongol and Thibetan books. Those from Thibet are made of long narrow strips of paper not joined at all. These are always wrapped in a piece of yellow silk and placed between two lacquered boards and tied around with a silk band. One of the most interesting things is an extremely rare Lama's hymn-book for church services. Instead of by notes, the cadence is represented by bars made by a curving line, which starts low and curves upward and is broken into smaller curves indicating a rolling sound, and if the line is very wavy it denotes a trill. At intervals the picture of a conch means that a musical instrument should be blown, and three lines means drum beats. The words are written along as in our own music and all sing in

unison. This is the only example of graphic music; though the plan has been talked of in this country by musicians as a desirable way of simplifying our music no scheme of the kind has appeared.

Among other things in the collection are scroll pictures representing in gorgeous colors the founder of Lamaism, various gods, etc.; scarfs in which gifts must always be wrapped; a silver pencil case and ink holder used by the priests; books, pictures, coins, etc. A scroll 30 feet long, in water colors gives graphic scenes of city life in Chinese Turkestan, and is of great ethnographical value.

It is safe to say that this valuable collection is the first ever brought to this country from that region and the quantity of new information with the specimens renders them doubly valuable.

Mr. Rockwell's liberality deserves great praise, and we sincerely hope he may succeed in attaining his ambition. He has sailed, or will shortly do so, for China and intends to reach the interior of that country by way of Peking. * *

A LITTLE-KNOWN POET.

IF I were asked to name the English poet who has best celebrated the winter, I would run over in my mind Thomson, Emerson, Keats, Whittier, Tennyson, and then, rejecting all these, answer unhesitatingly David Gray. My questioner would doubtless ask: And who is he? to which I would reply in somewhat the following manner:

In the little Scotch hamlet of Merkland, eight miles from Glasgow and in sight of furnace chimneys and steam-cars, was born on the 29th of January, 1838, to David Gray, hand-loom weaver, a son who was called after himself: David Gray. He was the eldest of eight children, and the only one who received more than a scanty education. Destined for the ministry, he was sent to Glasgow, where by giving lessons and by becoming Queen's scholar in the Free Church Normal Seminary, he supported himself while preparing for his installation into the Free Church of Scotland.

But there were inner impulses at work which David Gray could not long hold in rein. He had from earliest boyhood loved the stony country about his home, with its streams and far-away mountains; its "braes" and wide views of thrifty valleys, its frugal good people; its bare little churchyard, and its dear associations of the fireside. These wrought upon his sensitive nature, and entwined through the pages of theology the creeping vines of poetry. The pictures taken into his passive memory as he played beside the "Luggie" or followed its running waters under the leaves of Oxbang, the neighboring manor-houses, floated up from their hiding-places and obliterated philosophy, danced away with theology into the domain of song.

He grew ambitious of literary reputation and contributed to the "*Glasgow Citizen*" which, earlier, had been the refuge of Alexander Smith. He made the acquaintance of its editor, and of several youths of congenial tastes, among whom was Robert Buchanan, and then began to write letters announcing his designs and the certainty of his fame to the most distinguished literary man of the country. These were received but coldly by all save Sidney Dobell and Monckton Milnes, the former of whom, seeing the real merit of his verse, gave him advice and encouragement and was his friend until the last, and the latter of whom wrote him a reply which induced him (against its express terms) to go to London and attempt a literary career.

At the age of twenty-two, inexperienced in city life and without adequate means, he landed in London and presented himself to Mr. Milnes who received him kindly, helped him to some work and strongly urged him to return to his home. This he declined to do, but his first night in town, spent on a bench in Hyde Park, had implanted in him an ailment which grew gradually worse, until his kindly patron found it necessary to have him sent back to Merkland, whence, having lingered there some months in daily declining health, he made one effort for life in a visit to a hydropathic establishment at Sudbrook Park, Richmond. Here he became homesick and again fled to Merkland, where he died on the 3rd of December, 1861.

This brief summary, however, gives but a limited idea of the personality of David Gray. His young enthusiasm; his life of beautiful morality; his deep knowledge and love of nature and its spiritual significances; his ecstatic sense of its beauty—all these are the man, not the "peace of childhood thrown away" as he himself characterized his short life. It is the poetry which has led us to talk of David and it is in that we may find his being most adequately expressed.

On the day before he died the first page of his book, "*The Luggie and Other Poems*" was sent him by his, and Sidney Dobell's friend, Marian James, a novelist of the day. He had worked and waited long for this consummation and it seemed fitting that having conquered at last he should die contented. The

book was published a short time afterward and in it is some of the sweetest poetry of domestic life in the range of English letters.

And since I have named David Gray the poet of Winter, or more especially I should say, of Snow; let me first turn to those lines in the "Luggie" where the flakes begin to fall and the air is gray with storm:

"A winter day! the feather-silent snow
Thickens the air with strange delight, and lays
A fairy carpet on the barren lea.
No sun, yet all around that inward light
Which is in purity,—a soft moonshine,
The silvery dimness of a happy dream.

"Out in the snowy dimness, half revealed
Like ghosts in glimpsing moonshine, wildly run
The children in bewildering delight.
There is a living glory in the air,—
A glory in the hushed air, in the soul
A palpitating wonder hushed in awe.

"Softly—with delicate softness—as the light
Quickens in the undawned east; and silently—
With definite silence—as the stealing dawn
Dapples the floating clouds, slow fall, slow fall,
With indecisive motion eddying down,
The white-winged flakes,—calm as the sleep of sound,
Dim as a dream. The silver-misted air
Shines with mild radiance, as when through a cloud
Of semi-lucent vapor shines the moon."

Here we have the motion and picture of the snow literally transcribed—the music indeed, for if the eddying flakes could sing, their movements would doubtless give them some such cadence as this. What silent, floating harmony in the lines beginning "Softly;" and then comes the sudden impulse, furnished by the groundward winds, in the palpitating verse:

"With indecisive motion eddying down."

We feel now that the long journey is done, the flakes reach the ground; the drift is growing; the world is hushed.

But following this we have a view of the morning after the storm. As he sits by his cottage window looking across the fields, the poet sings:

"Now while I write, the wonder clothes the vale,
Calmed every wind and loaded every grove;
And looking through the implicated boughs
I see a gleaming radiance. Sparkling snow
Refined by morning-footed frost so still,
Mantles each bough; and such a windless hush
Breathes through the air, it seems the fairy glen
About some phantom palace,

"Songless birds
Flit restlessly about the breathless wood
Waiting the sudden breaking of the charm
And as they quickly spring on nimble wing
From the white twig a sparkling shower falls
Starlike. It is not whiteness but a clear
Outshining of all purity, which takes
The winking eyes with such a silvery gleam.
No sunshine, and the sky is all one cloud.
The vale seems lonely, ghostlike; while aloud
The housewife's voice is heard with doubled sound."

How David, with his accuracy of ear, came to leave the rhyme there between "cloud" and "aloud" it is hard to say. His blank verse is usually so well modulated, shows so keen a sense of the music of poetry that doubtless, had he read the proof he would easily have discovered the error. Its very presence brings to me more intimately a touch of the pathos which clusters about his little book. His eyes never saw the printed words I am transcribing from. How appropriate, then, after what I have shown of his fellowship for winter that as his friend James Hedderwick writes: "The wintry day had been lowering, but the hour of the funeral was brightened with gleams of clear sunshine," just as I suppose his own lowering life was at its close made radiant with that single printed page from his beloved book.

I have been able to give but a hint of the natural charm which clings to "The Luggie." It has varied descriptions of the changing year and affecting human notes which almost touch tears from the eyes when it is read in the light of the author's fate. The whole book is but a subjective reproduction of the writer. Every trembling chord of his being vibrates through the lines and though there are admirable pictures of the scenes about his home throughout its pages yet all is colored by the pathetic home-loving nature of the boy:

"Before me streams, most dear unto my heart,
Sweet Luggie, sylvan Bothlin—fairer twain
Than ever sung themselves into the sea,
Lucid Aegean, gemmed with sacred isles—
Were rolled together in an emerald vale;
And into the severe bright noon, the smoke
In airy circles o'er the sycamores
Upcurled—a lovely little cloud of blue
Above the happy hamlet."

This is a chance-taken bit of landscape; here is the voice of the heart:

"O Laverock! (for thy Scottish name to me
Sounds sweetest) with unutterable love
I love thee: for each morning, as I lie
Relaxed and weary with my long disease,
One from low grass arises visibly
And sings as if it sang for me alone.
Among a thousand I could tell the tones
Of this, my little sweet hierophant!"

But if "The Luggie" has its occasional notes of sadness what shall I say of that poem in sonnets written during David's last illness and called "In the Shadows?" It is one long, touching, brave cry of sorrow and contains such poetry as Keats wrote when he had also seen his "death warrant."

David, who said he despaired when he read Thomson and spoke of "St. Agnes' Eve" as "sacred," was in this last utterance of solemnly hopeful music at a height which the author of "The Seasons" never reached; he had nearly trodden the ground hallowed by John Keats. He "dwelt with Beauty—Beauty that must die," and in that prophetic mood which comes close on the outward passage he saw more humanly, more maturely the things which had formerly touched only his sensual eye:

"Sweetly, my mother! Go not yet away,—
I have not told my story. O not yet,
With the fair past before me, can I lay
My cheek upon the pillow to forget.
O sweet, fair past, my twenty years of youth
Thus thrown away not fashioning a man;
But fashioning a memory, forsooth!
More feminine than follower of Pan.
O God! let me not die for years and more!
Fulfill thyself, and I will live then surely
Longer than a mere childhood. Now heartsore,
Weary, with being weary—wearily, purely.
In dying, mother, I can find no pleasure
Except in being near thee without measure."

This can give the reader no conception of the poem from which it is taken. Adverse criticism might readily be made on the structure of single sonnets; but the congregated images and music of the poem are held above mere analysis by the deep interest aroused for the gifted singer. As a last quotation and a sustained example of David Gray's poetry—showing its right to a more noticeable place in the rank of English letters, and giving illustration of his most habitual mood, I extract the appended lines from a "Poem Without Name":

"Ere the last stack is housed and woods are bare,
And the vermilion fruitage of the brier
Is soaked in mist, or shrivelled up with frost;
Ere warm spring nests are coldly to be seen
Tenantless but for rain and the cold snow,
While yet there is a loveliness abroad,—
The frail and indescribable loveliness
Of a fair form life with reluctance leaves,
Being there only powerful,—while the earth
Wears sackcloth in her great prophetic grief:—

"Then the reflective, melancholy soul,
Aimlessly wandering with slow-falling feet
The heathery solitude, in hope to assuage
The cunning humor of his malady
Loses his painful bitterness, and feels
His own specific sorrows one by one
Taken up in the huge dolor of all things.
O, the sweet melancholy of the time,
When gently, ere the heart appeals the year
Shines in the fatal beauty of decay."

Thus in the midst of falling leaves and on the border of that winter-tide which he loved and sung so feelingly let me commend David Gray to the reader who cares for genuine sentiment wedded to poetic music—to all whose own lives need that sympathy which his pathetic story must ever awaken.

HARRISON S. MORRIS.

REVIEWS.

THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST. Facts, Figures, and Fancies from Transylvania. By E. Gerard. New York: Harper & Bros. 1888.

NORTH of the Carpathian mountains and to the east and south of Hungary, lies the little province of Transylvania, a small division in the big patchwork of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, just on the edge of that most perplexing portion of the map of Europe where the hardly civilized West meets the degenerate East, where boundaries are not defined by any broad and clearly marked lines of separation, but where a number of little nationalities and States, fiercely angular in their desire of independence, dovetail into each other in most uncomfortable fashion. It is a medley of races and languages beside which, we, motley as our population is, appear an absolutely homogeneous unit. Until

quite lately Transylvania seemed like an inland island, so closely was it walled about by its forests and mountains; but railroads are the artillery that storm such walls, and already several breaches have been made in this mountain rampart. In this strange little province Madame de Laszowska-Gerard (for so she signs herself in the preface, being the English wife of a Polish husband), spent two years, among the pleasantest, she tells us, of her sixteen years' experience as the wife of an officer in the Austrian army. She has the temper and disposition of a model soldier's-wife, and meets with a smiling face the most trying and unexpected caprices of the War-Office, involving frequent sudden upheavals of such household gods as an army officer may gather together. "What if crockery perish and mirrors be shivered in the portentous flittings? Dry your eyes and console yourself by gazing at mountains new and lakes unknown . . . and on this particular occasion I secretly blessed the playful impetus which had sent our ball fate thus high up in the air, to alight again in the land beyond the forest."

Small as Transylvania is, its population of somewhat over two millions is divided among six races, of which the most numerous are the Roumanians. Then follow Hungarians, Saxons, Gypsies, Jews, with a sprinkling of several thousand Armenians. It seems a mystery to find these different races, which have lived side by side for centuries, still so entirely distinct in language, dress, and customs; but while change and progress were doing and undoing much beyond the mountain walls, within them, except for an occasional war tempest, time almost stood still, and stagnant waters do not easily meet and mingle. It is supposed that a body of migrating Germans passed into Transylvania during the Crusade period, and, by some marvel of persistency, have preserved till this day their language and customs. Their physical attractions do not seem to have increased during this long season of isolation and intermarriage. "Their features, of a sadly wooden, unfinished appearance, irresistibly reminded one of the figures of Noah and his family out of a six-penny Noah's ark. There is something Noah's-ark-like, too, about their attire, which running entirely in hard straight lines, with nothing graceful or flowing about them, no doubt helped to produce this Scriptural impression. The Saxon peasant is stiff without dignity, just as he is honest without being frank." In strong contrast are the defects and qualities of their neighbors, the Roumanians. They are generally handsome, and their full, rich beauty and lustrous dark eyes, together with the soft mongrel Italian-like dialect which they speak, go to confirm the theory that they are the descendants of those Roman colonists who were planted in the Dacian provinces beyond the Danube. Their truthfulness and honesty are of the lightest Latin quality, but they are a gracious, attractive race, generous and affectionate, and lavish in the number of their children, while the Saxon peasant rarely permits himself the extravagance of a third child, which would impair the family inheritance.

In such little self-centred communities the primitive facts of life are the all-important ones, and round the great events of birth, death, and marriage ceremonies and traditions gather most abundantly. Transylvania, with its little clusters of conservative races, offers a rich and varied harvest of such customs and superstitions, and Madame Gerard has made a careful collection of peasant ways and observations. In the northern part of Transylvania, where oats is the principal crop, a pretty custom prevails. The oats-harvest is the great festival, and at this time the betrothals are announced. The as yet unacknowledged lover invites the girl of his choice to help him bring in his oats, and early in the morning many gaily decorated carts are seen driving through the village streets containing smiling, happy maidens and exultant youths. The occupants of the carts are scrutinized with great eagerness by all inhabitants. Here, "Corinna goes a-Maying" in mid-summer, and in more rustic, practical fashion than the maidens of Herriek's day, yet the same idyllic charm lingers about both ceremonies. The Saxons are strict Lutherans, and the village pastor holds the primitive and onerous position of father of his flock, while his wife is expected to mother the affairs of all the women of the village. "An old hen to be made into broth for a sick grandchild, a piece of cloth to be cut out in the shape of a jacket, or a handkerchief to be hemmed on the big sewing-machine, all pass successively into her busy hands; and if she goes for a day's shopping to the nearest market-town she is positively besieged with commissions of all sorts. . . . Altogether the day of a Saxon pastor is a busy and well-filled one, for his doors from sunrise to sunset must be open to his parishioners, so that after having 'risen with the lark' he is well content to carry out the proverb by 'going to bed with the lamb.' . . . Nothing must be too trifling to arouse his interest, no hour too unreasonable to receive a visit; yet on the whole the lot of such a village pastor who rightly understands his duties seems to me a very peaceful and enviable one. . . . The fates of his parishioners, so clearly interwoven with his own,

are a constant source of interest, and the almost unlimited power he enjoys within the confines of his parish make him feel himself to be indeed the monarch of this little kingdom. One parsonage in particular is engraved on my mind as a perfect frame for such Arcadian happiness." The description which follows is indeed Arcadian, but unfortunately, too long for quotation.

The Roumanians belong to the Greek church, though, according to a French writer, their religion amounts to little more than an "ensemble de pratiques superstitieuses," and their *popas* or priests are often as ignorant and dissolute as the Saxons are sober and discreet. But the Roumanians, with their love of color and ease, and the gypsies, with their inevitable picturesqueness, give a vivid touch to the life of the province. Hungary was for a long time a land of refuge for the gypsies, who were driven from other States. In Prussia, in 1725, an edict was issued ordering that any gypsies found within the country should be executed, and in Wallachia they were until quite recently bought and sold as beasts of burden. Madame Gerard adds her testimony as to the extraordinary fire and power of their music, which can be truly rendered only by one of their race. "Himself spell-bound by the power of the tones he evokes, his head gradually sinking lower over the instrument, the body bent forward in an attitude of rapt attention, his ear seeming to harken to far-off ghostly strains audible to himself alone, the untaught Tzigane achieves a perfection of expression unattainable by mere professional training."

Hermanstadt, the sleepy little Saxon capital, was the military headquarters, and while the open weather lasted the beautiful and varied Transylvanian country all about the town, with the quaint, primitive little villages within easy riding or walking reach, furnished abundant entertainment and occupation for any one with an Englishman's love of out-door life, but the touch of winter transformed it into a dull, provincial little garrison-town with very limited social resources and no other amusements whatever. Madame Gerard gives an entertaining account of their frantic efforts to dissipate the dullness.

The first part of the volume, which contains many facts, some statistics, and a good deal of second-hand information, is less delightful than the later portion which is chiefly filled with personal experiences. Several interesting Roumanian ballads, which have the true ballad *naïveté* and pathos, are translated with much grace and spirit, and a good deal of individuality. Madame Gerard has a quick sense of humor and that easy well-bred style which so many Englishwomen possess, and altogether her book is a delightful one, though in parts just a trifle tedious. We share her regret when she turns her back on Hermanstadt and returns to European civilization, "like Robinson Crusoe unexpectedly restored to the world from his desert island."

SIGURD SLEMBE. A Dramatic Trilogy by Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by William Morton Payne. Pp. viii. and 323. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Björnson is quite unknown to English readers as a dramatist, although his plays rank as high in the literature of the drama, as do his idyllic stories in that of prose fiction. It is in the drama that he has dealt with the very interesting history of his native Norway. "Between the Battles," a dramatic sketch of the great King Sverrir, "Lame Hulda," "Sigurd the Crusader," and "Sigurd Slembe" are all works of notable power in the field of the historic drama.

"Sigurd Slembe" or Sigurd the Scamp, is by no means the most pleasing of his plays, but it is perhaps the one of greatest power and interest. The play follows the actual course of history pretty closely, but with some poetic license. Sigurd is an illegitimate son of Magnus Barfod, the Norwegian king who learnt to wear the Irish kilt during the invasion of that country. One result of his visit was an illegitimate son, Harald Gille, who came to Norway and became king on the death of his three brothers, although he never learnt to speak the language fluently and was alien in his ways from his people. Associated with him at first was his nephew Magnus IV., who lost throne, sight, and liberty in an attempt to deprive his Irish uncle of his share in the kingdom. It is while Magnus's other three sons are still reigning that Sigurd Scamp fudfs from his mother that he also is the son of Magnus Barfod; but he sails to Palestine on the crusade because he sees no chance of obtaining support to his claims under the law of St. Olaf, which gives legitimate and illegitimate sons equal rights in the succession.

The second part of the trilogy is spent in the Orkneys, to which he comes on his way home from Palestine. It concerns the hero chiefly as depicting the awakening of his love for Audhild the kinswoman of the Jarl of the islands, and the development of his own character under temptation. Harald himself is one of the finest conceptions of the play, while the Lady Macbeth of the tragedy appears in his aunt Fraagard, who, trying to slay his brother Paul, manages to kill himself.

In the third part Sigurd is back in Norway after eight years of absence to claim recognition from his brother Harald Gille, such as Harald had received from Sigurd the Crusader, as his half-brother. Harald Gille is a weakling, who at first inclines to justice to his brother, as he especially craves to be thought magnanimous; but Sigurd's personal enemies, in whose hands the king is, prevent this by playing on the baser element in the man's nature. Sigurd is arrested on a false charge of murder and barely escapes to the Fjelds, whence he returns to kill the king in the arms of his mistress and to renew his claims. But the horror of fratricide, cleverly used by Sigurd's personal enemies, prevails to alienate even his champion Tjostulv from him, and the pretender to the crown sinks to the level of an outlaw who at last falls under the weapons of his countrymen. Björnson does not carry the catastrophe quite to this ending, and the closing scenes, depicting the moral transformation of the man and his resignation to whatever may befall him, are among the most powerful in the book. We close it with the feeling of profound pity and sympathy for a soul misled by the storms of passion and ambition, but not ruined even in the man's fall.

As may be inferred, the plot furnishes many opportunities for powerful dramatic writing, and of these the author has made good use. As in his stories, he shows that he has mastered the secret of simplicity in speech, and many of the finest effects are those of words few but fitly chosen. Mr. Payne's translation is close and accurate, but his blank verse does not impress us as that of a master of that very difficult metre.

THE EPISTLE OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE ROMANS. By Rev. Lyman Abbott. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

Dr. Abbott is engaged in the preparation of an illustrated commentary on the New Testament, for "Christian Workers," of which the fifth volume has appeared and embraces the "Epistle to the Romans." The object is to furnish an exposition of the book, which shall be popular, practical and undenominational in character; and the commendations with which the earlier volumes have been received seem to show that the author has had a remarkable degree of success in maintaining this character for his work. But the "Epistle to the Romans" furnishes a severe test for a writer who aims at pleasing all sorts of "Christian Workers," as it is the most dogmatic part of the New Testament, and brings the reader face to face with those problems of sin, election and redemption, which have been a ground of dissent among Christians. Dr. Abbott belongs to the school of the New Orthodoxy in the main, and while he seeks to do justice to what he calls the scholastic theology of the older Orthodoxy of the American churches, and believes that great truths underlie its teachings, he does not conceal his own dissent from some of its statements.

His introduction is a very full discussion of the great Apostle's life, theology and personal influence, and this is very fully illustrated by pictures which aim at making ancient life and its ways intelligible to us, never at merely delighting the eye. But we object to the reproduction of one of Raphael's cartoons as the frontispiece of a book which professes to confine itself to this use of illustrations. Anything more unlike the actual scene in the market-place at Lystra than this cartoon we hardly can conceive.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

ALL the larger bodies of American Christians which possess a national organization, have developed codes of ecclesiastical procedure of more or less elaboration and authority. The Episcopal Canons, the Methodist Discipline, the Rules and Advices of Friends, and the various manuals of Congregational and Baptist law and usage are all illustrations of the genius of the American people for legislation, and a comparative study of their provisions would be of very great interest, and would cast light upon the inmost character and idea of each of these bodies. The Presbyterians are by no means behind the rest, as their possession of a system of Church courts enables them to impart a preciseness and an authority to their rules which leaves nothing to be desired in that respect. Dr. Bittinger, Clerk of the Presbytery of Washington, has compiled from authorized sources "A Manual of Law and Usage," which gives the substance of the canon law of this Church in the briefest and most intelligible form, and as such it is commended by the two Clerks of the General Assembly. As to the sources to which these regulations may be traced, we find in them marks of the influence of Roman through Scottish law, of the impact of New England Congregationalism on American Presbyterianism, of the general effect of an American environment upon a Church of Scotch and Scotch-Irish origin, and of the independent development of the Presbyterian body in this country. (Presbyterian Board of Publication.)

D. Appleton & Company are the American publishers of "Westminster and Other Sermons," by the late Archbishop Trench, which is made up out of two volumes previously published, but out of print. The first was issued before Dr. Trench's removal from Westminster to the see of Dublin, when he was in the prime of his powers; the second after that event. The former was reprinted in America, but the latter was not. Dr. Trench was by no means a voluminous author, but everything he has published has a more or less permanent value. He studied the text of the New Testament in the light furnished by the history of its exposition, and knew how to find in out of the way places suggestions and helps to its understanding. His own mind was much less prolific than that of his master, Frederick Maurice; but he sifted its products with such regard for the time of the readers and such care to give only the best, that his reputation as a theological writer probably will stand higher than that of many abler men. Some of these sermons have acquired a permanent place in theological literature. Such are that on "Thronging Christ and Touching Christ," that on "The Prodigalities of Love," contrasting Judas and Mary in the matter of the box of spikenard, and that on "Lost Opportunities of Service."

Any reader who is looking for an unconventional piece of "light reading," something out of the cut-and-dried fashions of novel making, can be safely commended to "The Astonishing History of Troy Town," by "Q." This book has had considerable vogue in England, and its appearance here is somewhat tardy, as we have seen mention of it in the foreign journals for some time. However, Messrs. Cassell & Co. have now added it to their "Rainbow" Series. The Troy town concerned is not the town of the ancients, but a centre of contemporary human interest in England, and the concern is of a gossipy kind, something akin to that of "Little Piddington." There is freshness in the book, and entertainment to be got out of it.

Recent issues of Cassell's "National Library" include (1) "Tour Through the Eastern Counties of England, 1722," by Daniel Defoe, being part of his bulky "Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain." It abounds in close and characteristic observations, and shows that the England of 160 years ago was a very different place from the England of to-day, for both better and worse. (2) "Complaints" by Edmund Spenser, being the second separate edition of the volume of minor poems which the great poet issued in 1591, after the publication of the first three books of "The Faerie Queen." The poems have a common elegiac character, as their title denotes, the most important being "Mother Hubbard's Tale," which reflects the poet's sympathy with the Puritan party of reform in Church and State. Prof. Morley, in the introduction, sketches the life of the poet from the publication of his first to that of his second volume of minor poems. He shows that one of the noble ladies to whom Spenser dedicates his poems lived to be celebrated by Milton in his "Arcades." (3) "The Curse of Kehama" by Robert Southey, a poem as much undervalued in our time as overvalued in that of its author. But there are signs of a Southey reaction, to which this republication may contribute. Certainly Southey was a good man of distinguished abilities, but we think he essayed a topic too big for his genius in this Oriental epic.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A NEW volume by Mr. William R. Thayer, author of "The Confessions of Hermes, and Other Poems," and for some time a resident of Philadelphia, will be issued shortly by Charles W. Sever, of the University Bookstore, Cambridge, Mass., with the title, "Hesper: an American Drama."

Messrs. Ferris Brothers, of the Friends' Printing House, 6th and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, have in press, for issue about December 1st., "Old Westtown," a collection of sketches relating to the Friends' School at that place. It will be illustrated with characteristic drawings, etc., and is to be issued by subscription.

The tenth volume (the last) of Mr. John Bigelow's edition of the works of Benjamin Franklin will be ready from the press of Putnam's in about ten days. It will include an Index to the whole work.

The autobiography of Prof. Leone Levi, the English political economist, will soon be published. It was Levi who founded, or suggested, the first Chamber of Commerce in England.

Cupples & Hurd will issue soon a novel by the Queen of Roumania, to be translated with the title, "A Heart Regained."

A collection of letters from David Hume, the historian, to William Strahan, the friend of Franklin, has been edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, and will be published by the Clarendon Press. The originals of the letters, were purchased, after the British Museum and the Bodleian had declined them, by Lord Rosebery.

Belford Clark & Co. announce a new novel by Julian Hawthorn, called "The Professor's Sister."

The Hakluyt Society has up to this time issued seventy-six volumes. They print double the number of copies required by the members and are always anxious to dispose of the surplus to the general public. Their means are limited, and it is always difficult to find editors who have the leisure and ability to edit old works of travel in a manner satisfactory to the society.

Messrs. White & Allen have undertaken an edition in ten volumes of the works of the Brontë Sisters, Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" to be issued in a volume uniform with the novels. The same firm announces an English translation of Prince Manuel's "Fifty Pleasant Stories of Patroni," a series of tales that were written a century before the invention of printing.

Bookbinding has of late years become a very important part of book publishing, and authors as well as publishers depend largely on the beauty and finish of the covers for the successful sale of their productions. In consequence there exists a strong and active rivalry among the firms engaged in the business, and some of their factories are models of perfection in equipment and management.

Dr. Westland Marston's account of "Our Recent Actors," ranging from Macready to Chippindale, is pronounced in London one of the best theatrical books of late years.

The final volume of the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica is about ready. The original work consists of twenty-four volumes, and it has taken fourteen years to bring it out. There have been nearly 150 editors and contributors engaged on it. The first edition of the Encyclopædia appeared in 1771, and the present issue is the ninth.

Baron Nordenskjöld is engaged on a geographical work which is to embrace fifty-one maps published in the 15th and 16th Centuries, and a comprehensive text.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. will publish about the first of the year "The Beginner's Book in German," by Sophie Dariot, and "Analytical Geometry," by Prof. A. S. Hardy, of Dartmouth.

Lord Tennyson has been suffering for some weeks past from a serious attack of rheumatic gout, and for a while his situation was considered critical. He is now pronounced to be on a fair way to recovery.

German papers state that the Academy of Sciences at Berlin has established an historical commission for the investigation of the history of Prussia.

Messrs. Longmans & Co. have in press a volume of the last essays and papers by Richard Jeffries, collected by his widow, bearing the title, "Field and Hedgerow."

General McIntyre, V. C., has collected his sporting reminiscences and adventures from the magazines for a book which Messrs. Blackwood will publish, styled, "Hindu-Koh," an old designation for the Himalaya.

Mr. T. B. Ford has retired from active connection with the publishing house of Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Mr. Ford is of English birth. He was born in 1816 and came to the United States as agent of the London Publishing Company in 1849. He was connected with the subscription department of D. Appleton & Co. from 1856 to 1867, and in the latter year established the firm of T. B. Ford & Co., which afterwards became Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Mr. George Meredith has in press in London a volume of verse entitled "A Reading of Earth." He has also finished another poem, to appear at a later date, having the strange title, "The Empty Purse: A Sermon to a Prodigal Son."

Messrs. Ticknor & Co. will publish this month "Better Times," a volume of stories by the author of "Margaret Kent."

Mr. W. H. H. Murray's book of American travel, called "Daylight Land," is to be published by Cupples & Hurd, with 140 illustrations in various colors.

Eliot Stock, London, announces a volume of essays on literary subjects by W. Davenport Adams, called "Byways in Book Land."

The list of subjects in the second series of Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," which Macmillan & Co. will have ready this month, includes The Study of Poetry, Milton, Gray, Keats, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley and Tolstói.

William Winter's new volume of poems, "Wanderers," will appear this week (Ticknor's). It contains eighty poems.

Mr. Ruskin, who has been issuing a translation of the Swiss classic, "Ulric the Farm Servant," in monthly parts, has the book now ready, with a preface by himself.

Arminius Vambéry, the Eastern traveler, is preparing a new book on Turkey as it is to-day.

Macmillan & Co. are to bring out a volume of papers called "Wordsworthians," selected by Prof. Knight from articles read before the Wordsworth Society. Matthew Arnold, Lord Coleridge, Lord Houghton, Mr. Lowell, Canon Ainger, and Mr. Short-house are among the authors.

Miss Dickens has written a chapter for Mr. Kitton's forthcoming book, "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil."

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE new volume of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, (London Macmillan & Co.), began with the October number, and the magazine not only maintains its position, but shows increasing spirit. When it was started, sixty-four pages of reading matter was thought to be as much as could be afforded for the price, (which is but fifteen cents), but now there are to be seventy pages. A serial by F. Marion Crawford, "Sant' Ilario," began in the October number, and also a capital tale, full of spirit and movement, the scene laid in France at the time of the St. Bartholomew, by Stanley J. Weyman, entitled "The House of the Wolf."

The November *Century's* installment of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay's *Life of Lincoln* will treat of the relations of Lincoln with Grant and McClellan, and will set forth Lincoln's plan for the gradual abolition of Slavery.

Messrs. Trowbridge, Lang, Sidney Luska, and Noah Brooks, and Mrs. Phelps Ward and Miss Jean Ingelow are among the names of contributors to next year's *Wide Awake*.

W. M. Rossetti has written for Cassell's *Magazine of Art* an article on the portraits of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the first part of which will appear in the December number, with portraits showing him from his sixth to his twenty-fifth year. The same number will contain a paper on "Wells and its Cathedral," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

Vicomte de Vogue has prepared for *Harper's Magazine* two papers on "Social and Court Life in Russia," which will be illustrated by Mr. de Thulstrup.

Mrs. Oliphant's story, "On the Dark Mountains," in the November number of *Blackwood* concludes her "Little Pilgrim" series of tales, which in *Blackwood* and other magazines, as well as in their republished form, have attracted much attention.

ART NOTES.

AN exhibition of selected etchings by Peter Moran was opened on Saturday, 10th inst., at the galleries of Messrs. J. E. McClees & Co., 1417 Chestnut street, to remain open until December 24. The catalogue shows seventy-two numbers, of which six are recorded as monotypes. Nearly one-half the etchings have never been published, and are excellent examples of his best work. Many of the subjects are Spanish scenes in the far Southwest, in and about Santa Fé and Taos and Santa Barbara, but a larger number are of the class which have chiefly secured Mr. Moran his fame,—pastoral pictures of field and meadow, sheep and cattle and donkeys. The largest and perhaps the most important examples are "Harvest Home" and "Ploughing Stubble," each 16 by 30 inches. They are limited to one hundred proofs, double marquee. Others are noted as limited to much smaller numbers. No doubt the exhibition will attract the lovers of fine etching.

The Verestchagin Exhibition opened in New York on the 25th ult. Beside the series of war pictures, M. Verestchagin exhibits his collections of bric-a-brac curios, objects of interest, etc., collected during his travels in the East; prayer carpets, temple and mosque draperies and vestments, trophies of arms, prayer-wheels from Thibet, barbaric travel equipment, oriental domestic belongings, and many other varieties. There are also a few examples of sculpture and carvings, two costumed and sufficiently wild-eyed attendants from some Tartar tribe, and the artist himself. It is an attractive show, and will no doubt prove popular.

Dr. Robert H. Lamborn of New York has loaned the Pennsylvania Museum his collections of Mexican paintings, and of Etruscan remains, and the two will soon be placed on exhibition together, in Memorial Hall. The Mexican pictures are native and historic but are Spanish-American, reflecting Spanish art of a century to two centuries ago. There are a few portraits, one or two of which are of historic importance and many of which have artistic value, but most of the subjects are religious, Saints and Martyrs, the Nativity, the Adoration, and the usual run of church decorative work. It is said they were all painted in Mexico, but they exhibit no noticeable characteristics distinguishing them from Spanish church pictures of the second class.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE work of the United States Labor Bureau, under the able management of Colonel Wright, is likely to be of great value through the fullness and variety of its statistics in social and economic directions. A noteworthy feature of the forthcoming annual report will be statistics of the social, sanitary and economic condition of women employed in factories. The facts given were collected by women employed as special agents for the purpose, and who, in the course of their labors, have interviewed more than seventeen thousand women. Statistics of marriage and divorce, collected from all the courts of the country having jurisdiction in such matters, and covering the years 1876 to 1886, will be the subject of a special report of the Bureau. The facts classified will include the cause for which separation was granted, whether husband or wife obtained the judgment, the length of time the marriage lasted, the number of children (if any), and other facts that throw light upon the subject. The compilation of these statistics covers ground hitherto untouched, and the result will be a summary of the records of over twenty-seven hundred courts.

Some conclusive evidence regarding the disastrous effects of bad illumination and ventilation of school-rooms upon the eyesight and general health of the pupils, is given in the report of the school board of Memphis, Tenn. The report says: "The Market street building has been recently constructed, and is well arranged, both as to illumination and ventilation; whereas the antiquated structure on Linden street is sadly deficient in both these particulars. Now compare the percentage of near-sighted children in corresponding classes (fourth, fifth, and sixth) in the two buildings, and you will find that while the Market street school has 28 per cent., the Linden street school has 5 per cent. These figures commend the new building as strongly as they condemn the old, and no stronger plea can be advanced for new buildings so constructed as to furnish proper illumination and a plentiful supply of fresh air, than is furnished by these figures, which show that nearly double the number of the pupils with impaired sight come from a badly constructed building with poor light and bad air."

Dr. Walter Lindley, whose work on Southern California as a health resort was reviewed in THE AMERICAN some time back, writes to the New York *Medical Record* an article on the benefit experienced by invalids from living in the Conchilla valley, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. This valley is depressed below the sea-level, and asthmatics and consumptives declare that the consequent compression of the air has afforded them permanent relief. The theory is that the air being under unusual pressure forces its way into every part of the lungs and thus increases the lung capacity. The principle is the same as that of the pneumatic cabinet, where patients suffering from asthma and phthisis are relieved by the use of compressed air.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, besides his well-known work in economic statistics, has devoted some time to the study of scientific methods of cookery. He has invented a cooking-stove, which, it is claimed, operates more easily and economically than the ordinary stove of our kitchens. His apparatus comprises two ovens, one heated by a column of water and one by a column of air, the heat being derived from lamps which burn ordinary kerosene oil. The cost, with this stove, of cooking twenty pounds of bread was one cent's worth of oil; that of roasting thirty pounds of meat did not exceed two cents. Mr. Atkinson has not patented his invention.

We notice also that a writer in the *North American Review* says that in the matter of economy the American cook-stove of the present day is "a scientific shame." The writer continues: "We probably use every day in the year fifty times the fuel actually needed. Chief among the sources of this waste is the fact that we use cold-blast stoves." The author's idea is that much of the heat that is wasted in such a stove might be utilized in heating fire materials before lighting. Our hot-air blast furnaces date from an invention of Nielson in 1828, and the same principle when applied in the regenerative gas-lamp results in more heat and light with economy of fuel. The invention of a regenerative cooking-stove, the author believes, would result in an immense saving of anthracite coal.

Mr. E. Ray Lankester is the author of an interesting communication in *Nature* (Nov. 1), on "Gresham College." This college has ceased to exist, as the funds bequeathed for its support by Sir Thomas Gresham, 250 years ago, were seized by the Corporation of London and the Mercers' Company, who were named as Trustees. The college was to consist of seven professors who were to devote their time to public lecturing and to original research. The two companies are now ready, it is said, to make ample restitution of the funds and to atone for the rapacity of

their predecessors. Mr. Goschen, speaking in behalf of the London Lecture Society, advocates devoting the money, which by accumulation now amounts to several millions sterling, to the purpose of giving remunerative employment to lecturers among the younger graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. Mr. Lankester thinks, however, that it would be a mistake to devote the Gresham funds to such an end, the manifest intention of the founder being the "housing and providing for life seven chosen teachers. The best, the most skilled, the most original in discovery, the most masterful in discourse, worthy to represent science and learning in the great city of London."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE LIFE OF YOUNG SIR HENRY VANE, Governor of Massachusetts Bay, and Leader of the Long Parliament. By James K. Hosmer. Pp. 581. \$4.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A CALIFORNIA TRAMP, AND LATER FOOTPRINTS. By T. S. Kenderdine. Pp. 416. \$— . Newtown, Pa.: [Printed for the Author.]

THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP. An Episode in the History of Psychological Research. By J. P. Quincy. Pp. 310. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

PEN AND INK. Papers on Subjects of More or Less Importance. By Brander Matthews. Pp. 229. \$1.50. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

OTTO OF THE SILVER HAND. Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle. Pp. 173. \$2.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN THE WOODS, AND ELSEWHERE. By Thomas Hill. Pp. 236. \$1.25. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

DRIFT.

AMONG those just reelected to Congress is Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, of the 6th Massachusetts district. In 1884 he ran for the position and was defeated. In 1886 he was elected by a plurality of 725. This year his plurality is 5,326 on what is believed to be the largest vote ever cast in any Congressional district of that State. In a speech at Cambridge, before the election, Mr. Lodge said:

"I am very happy to admit that I have changed my mind. I was a Free Trader when I graduated from Harvard. I could not very well have been anything else, for nothing else was taught there. I love and reverence the college. There is no man who loves and reverences her more than I. I honor her for bearing the torch of truth and sound learning through the dark days of the struggle with the savage and the wilderness. I reverence her for her patriotism in 1776 and in 1861. I love her for all the noble memories which cluster about her. I hold three of her degrees, and I value as one of the highest honors I ever received my election by her alumni to the board of overseers. But I do not feel bound to accept during all my life all the political and economic opinions of her faculty."

"Five or six years after I graduated I began the study of American history, and almost the first part I studied was the career of Alexander Hamilton. I read his report on manufactures. It is a great argument for the application of protection to the United States, that industries might be developed and built up. I found that I could not answer it, and I have not found any one else who has succeeded in overthrowing that masterly reasoning. It made me a convert to the Hamiltonian doctrine years before I had anything to do with politics."

"Since then I have studied American history more widely, and I have been brought into closer contact with the practical effects of our protective system of to-day. The result has been that since I first read the report on manufactures twelve years ago, I have become with each succeeding year a stronger protectionist, for I have been more and more convinced that to the United States, with their situation and their social and political conditions, proper industrial protection was the only sound and wise policy to be pursued."

In a speech at the Union League Club, New York City, on Thursday evening, rejoicing over the Republican victory, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew said:

"It was an educational canvass, not alone for any class, but for all classes. A discussion which has been free from passion and full of ability for four long months has finally resulted in the verdict of a magnificent jury of thirteen millions of people, and the verdict of that jury will be the lesson of the American politicians and the American statesmen during this generation. (Cheers.) The theorist, the bookman, the college professor, has had his day. The verdict of the people has overridden party platforms. It has broken up party organizations. It has crystallized public sentiment. It has dictated party policies. Hereafter there will be revenue reform, but upon strictly defined lines. The Tariff will be reformed by its friends. (Cheers.)"

"This election settles definitely another question. With this triumph, which I regard as the most important since the War, the sectional issue will absolutely disappear from our politics. (Cheers.) The solid South will never again be a matter of moment either in platforms or upon the platform. Under the impetus of a settled policy in our National Legislature and Executive, the iron industries of Tennessee, of Alabama, of West Virginia, the industries of Old Virginia and of Florida and of North Carolina, will in the next four years make them Republican States. (Cheers.) Every voter, no matter how poor or how ignorant, will have his vote counted, and we will have a civil service worthy of the name and worthy of the professions which have been made in its behalf and violated. (Cheers.)"

"This canvass has been in many respects the most charming, the most delightful that I have ever been in. When I graduated from Yale College, thirty-two years ago, I came home to the old village of Peekskill to meet

my father, my brothers, my uncles, all old Hunker, State-rights, pro-slavery individuals, my grandfather of the same school, and his surviving brothers of the same school. But I had gone through the fiery furnace of the Kansas-Nebraska excitement at Yale, and had come out a Free Soiler. I stood, a trembling boy, upon the platform two days after returning home, in the old village, to say those things that nearly broke my father's heart, and severed me from all my family ties. It seemed to me as if the end of the world had come in the necessity of faith for a principle.

"From that hour to this I never have passed through a canvass that aroused emotions anything like it, until going through the State, meeting the thousands upon thousands that were unable to get in any place large enough to hold them, I again stood face to face with an enthusiasm and earnestness, and a patriotism which meant that individuals were nothing, that country was everything." (Loud and long cheers.)

The New York Times prints a long special dispatch, describing the suppression of the suffrage in Delaware. It says:

"Suffrage has been largely by leave. Government by tax assessors and tax collectors has obtained. A law that cannot be truthfully described but as scandalous has swindled men of their votes. Disfranchisement was whipped into a system. Justice was cast windward. All was tossed overboard for partisanship's sake. It needs no argument to make this out disgraceful. And the Saulsburies were responsible for this cunningly contrived law—fair on its face, yet full of traps and shamefacedness beneath the surface—responsible, however, only in part. It is not an open secret, but true it is all the same, not the Saulsburies alone had to do with the making of this bad tax and voting law. The law was drawn in Dover. But before it was enacted it was submitted to Thomas F. Bayard, and he not only suggested changes, but he caused the addition of provisions that made its operation more onerous and oppressive.

"This law provides for the assessment of voters and the collection of taxes in consequence of that assessment. Literally this provides for the orderly assessment of every naturalized male citizen of 21 years of age who is a *bona fide* resident of the community. Literally it provides for the payment of a tax upon this assessment, as a prerequisite of voting by every man assessed. But as a fact these statutes permit neither, that is, they enable the partisans elected and appointed and sworn to execute them so to use and pervert them that neither of these wholesome and necessary functions are permitted to the citizen and voter. The assessors have absolutely refused to assess hundreds of men who came to them rightfully, upon their invitation, and by the direction of the law itself. Many of the names which they did take down were mutilated and misspelled, and thus scores of others were disfranchised. The tax collectors, by methods known to everybody, put obstacles in the way of men properly assessed, who wished to pay their taxes, although they issued hundreds of blank receipts

at the request of their own party friends and associates for use at election! They sat in their office at inconvenient hours for workmen and otherwise they conspired to keep men from paying their taxes."

The New Orleans Times-Democrat does not approve General Butler's theory in relation to the origin of yellow fever and to his skill in keeping it out of New Orleans during the war, as narrated by him in the *North American Review*. General Butler thinks the disease is bred by decaying animal and vegetable matter, and was suppressed by keeping the city clean. There is no doubt that the cleanliness which he enforced had a good effect upon the healthfulness of the city, although in the summer of 1864, there were many deaths from small pox. But the best authorities agree that yellow fever is an imported disease, and its absence from New Orleans during the war was chiefly due to the fact that there was no communication with infected ports. In 1866 it was imported and was very fatal.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette: Reasonable, well composed persons are sorry for Mrs. Cleveland. The American people have felt proud of her—not particularly because she is pretty and the President's wife, but because she has behaved handsomely, and has shown that the educated American girl, with her natural graces and dignities, summoned to high places in the world, becomes and adorns them; that we have a race not of queens, but of what is far better—of women who are queenly in all that is gracious and good.

Thomas Hardy, the author of "Under the Greenwood Tree," of other books as clever, and of various others not so clever, lives near Dorchester, England. His dwelling, which he calls "Max-gate," is a red brick house of his own designing. It is about a mile distant from the humble cottage in which he was born. Dorchester is presumably "Casterbridge." Mr. Hardy is a pleasant-looking man, small of stature, with a rounded brow and a full head. He wears a carefully-trained Elizabethan beard, and dresses very neatly.

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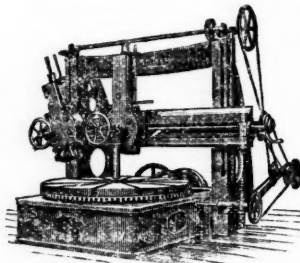
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